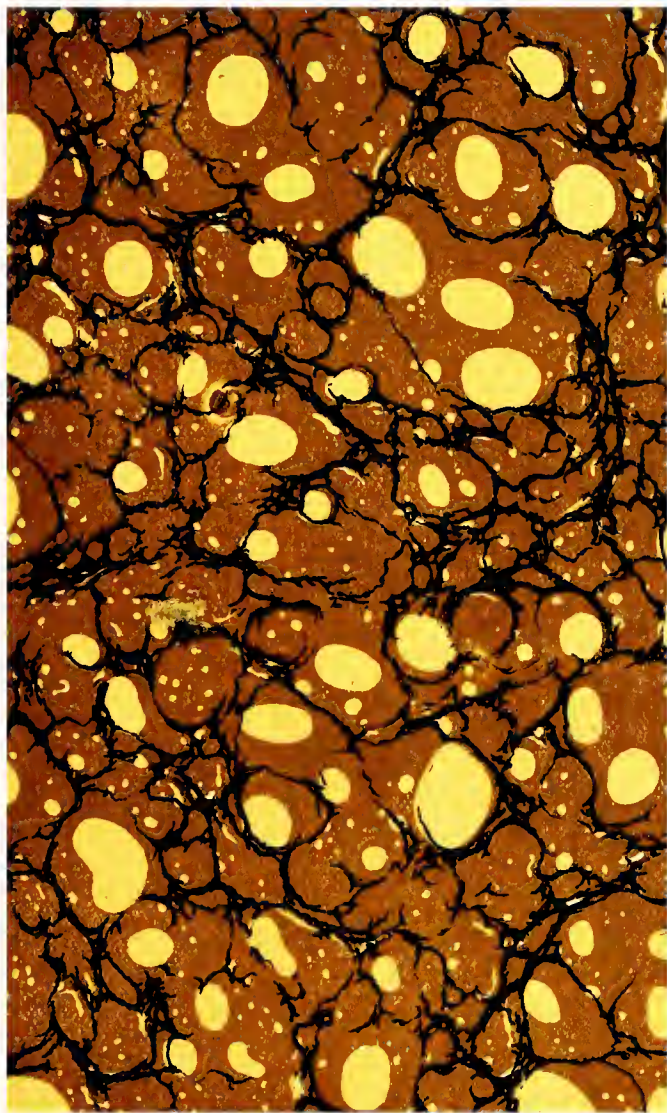


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**KEITH M. READ  
CONFEDERATE  
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# Stonewall Song Book -

Picked up in the  
Confederate Rifle pits at  
Fort Fisher

In the

Shenandoah Valley

at the close of the battle of

Fishers Hill Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1864.

By S. Milton Gallaway -

It was published in Richmond, Va,

and contains the first

printed copy of the famous

Song,

"Stonewall Jackson's Way".

Its worn condition is the  
result of constant use  
by the Confederate soldiers -  
very rare -



But he marched from the town, and I see him no more.  
 Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;  
 I dream all the night and I talk all the day  
 Of the love of a Captain who went far away.  
 I remember with superabundant delight  
 When we met in the street, and we danced all the  
                   night,  
 And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee  
 As the Captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at  
                   me.

But there's hope, for a friend, just ten minutes ago,  
 Said the Captain's returned from the war, and I know  
 He'll be searching for me with considerable zest,  
 And when I'm found—ah! you know all the rest,  
 Perhaps he is here—let me look round the house—  
 Keep still every one of you, still:—a mouse,  
 For if the dear creature is here, it will be  
 With his whiskers a taking at me.

---

## ROUND.

[For ~~Two~~ Voices.]

A boat! A boat! To catch the ferry,  
 And we'll go over to Merry,  
 To laugh, and drink, and drink good Sherry

---

## THE CONSCRIPT'S DEPARTURE.

[You are going far away, far away from your Jeanette,  
 There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may  
                   forget.  
 But my heart will be with you wherever you may go  
 When you look in the face and say the same Jeanette  
 When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cock  
                   ad.



Oh! I fear you will forget all the promises you made  
 With the gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet  
     your side,  
 You'll be taking some proud lady, and be making her  
     your bride,  
     You'll be taking some, &c.

Or when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing  
     on,  
 Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness  
     gone;  
 If you win the day, perhaps a General you'll be,  
 Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what will become of  
     me?  
 Oh! if I were Queen of France, or still better, Pope  
     of Rome:  
 I would have no fighting men abroad and weeping  
     maids at home:  
 All the world should be at peace, or if kings must  
     show their might  
 Why, let those who make the quarrels be the only  
     men who fight,  
     Yes, let those who make the quarrels, &c.

---

### EMME JANE.

'Tis of a young maiden at a story I'll tell,  
 Also of her lovieur, and at them befell,  
 Oh! her lovieur was a skiffleur, he sailed the salt sea  
 And the consequences attending his parting from she  
     And the consequences, &c.  
 Oh! the vessel of the Captain was called the Emm  
     Jane,  
 And in honor of his true love the Captain gave her  
     that name,  
 But he never more was heard of, nor his vessel  
     brave,  
 And 'twas calculated pretty generally she found  
     watery grave—  
     And 'twas calculated, &c.

a cold stone all summer, by the side of the sea,  
 his maiden kept awatching and awaiting for he,  
 till on one cold frosty morning, in the water she was  
 found,  
 and it was calculated pretty generally, she got crazy  
 and was drowned.

Now just two years after these ere events occurred,  
 A stranger came to the town where Emma Jane was  
 buried,  
 He axed of the Sexting where Emma Jane might be,  
 And he answered by pointing towards the willer tree.

Now they buried the body of the Captain close by her,  
 And over his tomb they set out a green brier,  
 So the willer tree a weepin' is an emblem of she,  
 And the brier clingin' around is an emblem of he.

---

### BONNY ELOISE.

Oh! sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides  
 On its clear winding way to the sea,  
 And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides  
 Is this bright, rolling river to me;  
 But sweeter, dearer, yet, dearer far than those,  
 Who charms with others all fail,  
 Is blue-eyed bonny, bonny Eloise,  
 The belle of the Mohawk vale.

Oh! sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years  
 That bespangle the gay valley o'er,  
 And dear are the friends seen thro' memory's fond  
 tears,  
 That have lived in the blest days of yore;  
 But sweeter, dearer, &c.

Oh! sweet are the moments when dreaming I roam,  
 Thro' my loved haunts now mossy and gray;  
 And dearer than all is my childhood's hallow'd home  
 That is crumbling now slowly away;  
 But sweeter, dearer, &c.

## ROOT HOG OR DIE.

## THE CAMP VERSION.

Old Abe Lincoln keeps kicking up a fuss,  
 I think he'd better stop it, for he'll only make it worse.  
 We'll have our Independence, I'll tell you the reason  
 why,

Jeff. Davis will make them sing, "Root hog or die."

When Lincoln went to reinforce Sumter for the fight,  
 He told his men to pass through the harbor in the  
 night;

He said to them, be careful, I'll tell you the reason why,  
 The Southern boys are mighty hard on "Root hog or  
 die."

Then Beauregard called a halt, according to the style,  
 The Lincolmites faced about and looked mighty wild:  
 They couldn't give the password, I'll tell the reason  
 why,

Beauregard's countersign was "Root hog or die."

They anchored out a battery, upon the waters free,  
 It was the queerest looking thing that you ever did see.  
 It was the fall of Sumter, I'll tell you the reason why,  
 It was the Southern alphabet: "Root hog or die."

They telegraphed to Abraham they took it like a flirt,  
 They underscored another line, "there was nobody  
 hurt,"

We are bound to have the Capitol, I'll tell you the  
 reason why,

We want to teach Old Abe to sing, "Root hog or die."

When Abraham read the dispatch, the tear came in  
 his eye,

He wailed his eyes to Bobby, and Bob began to cry.  
 They prayed to Jeff to spare them, I'll tell you the  
 reason why,

They didn't want to "mark time" to "Root hog or  
 die."

Kentucky braves" at Trenton, are eager for the  
 fight,  
 want to help the Southern boys to set Old Abraham  
 right ;  
 y had to leave their native State, I'll tell you the  
 reason why,  
 Kentucky would'nt sing, "Root hog or die."

---

## THE NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle had a mind  
 To whip the Southern traitors,  
 Because they did'nt choose to live  
 On codfish and potatoes.  
 Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy.  
 And so to keep his ~~face~~ <sup>stomach</sup> up  
 He took a drink of Brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword,  
 And practised all the passes :  
 Come, boys, we'll take "inner, drink  
 When we get to Manassas.  
 Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy,  
 They never reached Manassas plain,  
 And never got the Brandy.

Yankee Doodle, oh ! for shame.  
 You're always intermeddling ;  
 at guns alone ; they are dangerous things,  
 You'd better stick to peddling.  
 Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy.  
 When next we go to Bully Run,  
 You'll throw away the Brandy.

## ON TO GLORY.

Sons of Freedom! on to glory!  
 Go where brave men *do or die*:  
 Let your names in future story  
 Gladden every patriot's eye:  
 'Tis your country calls you, hasten!  
 Backward hurl the invading foe:  
 Freeman! never think of danger,  
 To the glorious battle go.

Oh! remember gallant Jackson,  
 Single-handed in the fight,  
 Death blows dealt the fierce marauder,  
 For his liberty and right.  
 Tho' he fell beneath their thousands,  
 Who that covets not his fame?  
 Grand and glorious, brave and noble,  
 Henceforth shall be Jackson's name.

Sons of Freedom! can you linger,  
 When you hear the battle's roar,  
 Fondly dallying with your pleasures  
 When the foe is at your door?  
 Never, no! we fear no idlers,  
 "Death or Freedom's" now the cry,  
 Till the STARS and BARS triumphant  
 Spread their folds to every eye.

---

## VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dw  
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice you  
 Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years ol  
 With a very large fortune of silver and gold.  
 Singing to la lol la rol rol to ral la la.

He was valking in the garden one day,  
 As he came to her and thus he did say,  
 Dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,  
 Take yourself a husband, both gallant and gay.  
 Singing, &c.

papa, oh ! papa, I've not made up my mind,  
 To marry just yet why I don't feel inclined ;  
 As my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,  
 'll let me live single a year or two more."  
 Singing, &c.

"Go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,  
 You won't consent to be this young man's bride  
 Give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,  
 Or, if you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."  
 Singing, &c.

Villikins was valking the garden around,  
 Spied his dear Dinah lyng dead upon the ground  
 And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,  
 And a billet-doux a stating by pison she died  
 Singing, &c.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,  
 And called her his Dinah, though she was no more,  
 Then swallowed the pison like a lover so brave,  
 And Villikins and his Dinah both in one grave.  
 Singing, &c.

#### MORAL.

Now all you young maiden, take warning by her,  
 Never, not by no means, disobey your gouverneur ;  
 And all you young fellows, and who you claps eyes on  
 Think of Villikins and Dinah and the cup of cold pison  
 Singing, &c.

### OF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Of in the stilly nigh,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's year  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c,

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall  
 Like leaves in winter weather;  
 I feel like one who treads alone,  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead  
 And all but he departed.  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

### MARY.

Do you know where I first saw my Mary?  
 My sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked fairy,  
 With her long silken hair, and her bosom so fair,  
 And a smile—of two little be ye wary.  
 On her head was that Gipsy bonnet,  
 With blue-bell, rose and daisy upon it;  
 But scarce were they seen, for the laughing eyes she  
 And the lovely sweet face of my Mary.

[Repeat last two lines.]

Oh! see you yon mossy old stile there;  
 Oh! I first saw her soft, gentle smile there;  
 Oh! it was that sweet smile did my bosom beguile  
 For sweet is the smile of my Mary.  
 Dear to me is that mossy old stile there,  
 For O my young heart she did wile there;  
 But I know she'll be true, or else I might rue,  
 That stile, and that smile, and my Mary!

[Repeat.]

## HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN.

Ang~~er~~ you a song, and it won't detain me long,  
 All~~er~~ about the times we are gaining;  
 And~~er~~ in rhymes, and suit it to the times,  
 And~~er~~ call it the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah!  
 Look out, there's a good time coming;  
 Ever~~er~~ mind the weather, but get over double trouble  
 Am~~er~~ bound for the happy land of Canaan.

Old Abe Lincoln was elected President,  
 And from a rail-splitter he is gaining;  
 The Yankees they may brag, but we'll raise the flag,  
 And make the South a happy land of Canaan.

Chorus:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah! &c.

Down at Harper's Ferry section they raised an insur~~re~~  
 rection,  
 Old Brown thought the niggers would sustain him.  
 Along came Governor Wise, and took him by surprise.  
 And sent him to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah! &c.

Old Brown is dead, and the last word he said  
 Was, don't keep me here long~~er~~ remaining;  
 First we took him up a slope, then dropped him on a  
 rope,  
 And dropped him in the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah! &c.

Old Buchanan got his orders, and left the 4th of March.  
 And says some credit he was gaining;  
 Good folks let him rest, the old man done his best,  
 He is bound for the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah! &c.



Now Jeff. Davis shakes his fist at the Abolition

And says he would give them a training;

He would whip them so freely, both Smith and

Greely,

He could catch them in the happy land of C

CHORUS:—Oh! oh! oh!—ah! ah! ah! &c.

## THE THREE ROGUES WHO COULDN'T S

In good old Colony times,

When we lived under the King,

Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps

Because they could not sing.

CHORUS:—Because they could not sing,

Because they could not sing:

Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps

Because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller,

The second he was a weaver,

And the third he was a little tai-lor,

Three roguish chaps together.

CHORUS:—Three roguish chaps together, &c.

The miller he stole corn,

The weaver he stole yarn,

And the little tai-lor stole broadcloth for

To keep these three rogues warm.

CHORUS:—To keep these three rogues warm, &c.

The miller he was drowned in his dam

The weaver was hung in his yarn,

And the devil clapp'd his claw on the little

With his Broadcloth under his arm.

CHORUS:—With his broadcloth under his arm,

With his broadcloth under his arm;

And the devil clapp'd his claw on the little

With his broadcloth under his arm.

## STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

The Boston Courier says: "The following stanza was found on the person of a rebel sergeant of the 'Stonewall Brigade,' captured near Winchester, Va.

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails,  
 Stir up the camp fire bright,  
 No matter if the carteen fails,  
 We'll make a roaring light.  
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
 To swell the brigade's rousing song  
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now, the old slouched hat  
 Cocked o'er his eyes askew,  
 The shrewd dry smile, the speech so pat,  
 So calm, so blunt, so true.  
 The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well,  
 Says he "that's Banks, he's fond of shell,  
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him"—well,  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms, kneel all, caps off,  
 Old Blue Light's gone to pray:  
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff,  
 Attention! it's his way,  
 Appealing from his native sod  
 In *forma pauperis* to God:  
 "Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,  
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
 Steady, the whole brigade.  
 Hill's at the ford cut off—we'll win  
 His way out, ball and blade.  
 What matter if our shoes are worn?  
 What matter if our feet are torn?  
 "Quick step! we're with him before morn,"  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists  
 Of morning, and by George  
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,  
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.  
 Pope and his Yankees whipped before.  
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar  
 "Charge, Stuart, pay off Ashby's score,"  
 Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch, and yearn  
 For news of Stonewall's band:  
 Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn,  
 That ring upon thy hand.  
 Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,  
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn,  
 The foe had better ne'er been born  
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

---

### ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT.

All quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
 "Except now and then a stray picket  
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket."  
 'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then  
 Will not count in the ~~eyes~~ of the battle;  
 Not an officer lost, only one of the men,  
 Moaning out all alone the death rattle.  
 All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon  
 Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.  
 A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind  
 Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
 While the stars up above with their glittering eye  
 Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.  
 There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.

musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,  
 bows gentle with memories tender,  
 he mutters a prayer for his children asleep;  
 for their mother, may Heaven defend her.

moon seems to shine as brightly as then,  
 at night when the love yet unspoken  
 led up to his lips, and when low murmured vows  
 were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
 drawing his sleeves roughly over his eyes,  
 dashes off tears that are swelling,  
 gathers his gun close up to his place,  
 tries to keep down the heart-swelling.

passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
 his footstep is lagging and weary,  
 forward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
 towards the shades of a forest so dreary.  
 Was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
 Was it the moonlight, so wondrously flashing?  
 Looked like a rifle—ha! No—good bye,  
 and the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 no sound save the rush of the river,  
 the soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,  
 the picket's off duty for ever.

---

### **DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANG- HAI.**

Shanghai chicken when you put him in de pit,  
 He eat a loaf of bread, but can't fight a bit,  
 Shanghai fiddle is a funny little thing,  
 Every time you tune him he goes ching! ching!

**CHORUS:** Oh! de Shanghai!

Don't bet your money on de Shanghai!  
 Take de little chicken in de middle of de ring,  
 But don't bet your money on de Shanghai.

I go to de fair for to see de funny fowls,  
 De double-headed pigeon and de one-eyed owls;  
 De old lame goose wid no web between his toes,  
 He'll kill himself a laughing when de Shanghai cro-

CHORUS:

De Shanghai's tall but his appetite is small,  
 He'll only swallow ebery ting dat he can overhaul,  
 Four bags of wheat just as certain as you're born,  
 A bushel of potatoes and a tub full of corn.

CHORUS:

---

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
 Make me a child again just for to-night.  
 Mother come back from the echoless shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years,  
 I am so weary of toils and of tears;  
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain.  
 Take them, and give me my childhood again.  
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;  
 Weary of sowing for others to reap.  
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.  
 Many a Summer the grass has grown green,  
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between,

Y<sup>e</sup> with strong yearning and passionate pain  
L<sup>e</sup>g I to-night for your presence again ;  
C<sup>o</sup>me from your silence. so long and so deep,  
R<sup>e</sup>ck me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Y<sup>e</sup>ver my heart in days that are flown,  
Y<sup>e</sup> love like mother-love ever has shone,  
Y<sup>e</sup> other worship abides and endures,  
Y<sup>e</sup> faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;  
Y<sup>e</sup> one like mother can charm away pain  
Y<sup>e</sup>om the sick soul and the world-weary brain ;  
Y<sup>e</sup>umber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come let your brown hair, just lighten'd with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore,  
Lovingly, softly, its bright ~~blows~~ sweep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song ;  
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been but a dream ;  
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep.  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

---

## BELLE BRANDON.

N<sup>e</sup>ath a tree, by the margin of a woodland,  
Whose spreading leafy boughs sweep the ground,  
W<sup>it</sup>h a path leading thither o'er the prairie,  
Where silence hung her night garb around ;

When oft I have wander'd in the evening,  
When the Summer winds were fragrant on the  
There I saw the little beauty, Belle Brandon,  
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.

REPEAT—There I saw the little beauty, Belle Brandon  
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.

Belle Brandon was a birdling of the mountain,  
In freedom she sported on the lea,  
And they said the life-current of the red man  
Tinged her veins, from a far distant sea.  
And she loved her humble dwelling on the prairie,  
And her guileless happy hart elung to me,  
And I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,  
And we both loved the old arbor tree.

REPEAT—And I love the little beauty, &c.

On the trunk of an aged tree I carved them,  
And our names on the sturdy oak remain,  
But I now repair in sorrow to its shelter,  
And murmur to the wild winds my pain.  
And I sat there in solitude repining,  
For the beauty dream night brought to me;  
Death has wed the little beauty, Belle Brandon,  
And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.

REPEAT—Death has wed the little beauty, &c.

---

## GOOD BYE.

Farewell! farewell! is a lonely sound;  
And always brings a sigh,  
But give to me, when loved ones part,  
That sweet old word, "Good-bye."

Farewell! farewell! may do for the gay  
When pleasure's throng is nigh,  
But give to me that better word,  
That comes from the heart, "Good-bye."

Adieu! adieu! we hear it oft,  
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh,  
But the heart feels most when the lips move not,  
And the eyes speak the gentle "Good-bye."

Farewell! farewell! is never heard  
When the tear's in the mother's eye;  
Adieu! adieu! she speaks it not,  
But "My Love, good-bye, good-bye."

---

### HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

Hark! I hear an angel sing—  
Angels now are on the wing:  
And their voices, singing clear,  
Tell us that the spring is near.  
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?  
Dost thou see the glorious sun  
Rising higher in the sky,  
As each day it passes by?

CHORUS: Hark! I hear an angel sing—  
Angels now are on the wing;  
And their voices singing clear,  
Tell us that the spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliff of snow,  
Silver rivers brightly flow;  
Smiling woods and fields are seen,  
Mantled in a robe of green.  
Birds, and bees, and brooks and flowers,  
Tell us of the vernal hours.  
There the birds are weaving lays  
For the happy spring-time days.

#### CHORUS.

Look! oh, look! the southern sky  
Mirrors flowers of every dye;  
Children, tripping o'er the plain;  
Spring is coming back again—



Spring is coming ! shouts of glee ;  
 Singing birds on bush and tree ;  
 And the bees ; their merry hums ;  
 For the spring-time comes, it comes, it comes !

CHORUS.

---

### REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

'Twas ten o'clock, one moonlight night,  
 I ever shall remember,  
 And every star shone sparkling bright  
 In gloomy cold December,  
 When at my window, tap, tap, tap,  
 I heard his gentle, well-known rap,  
 And with it, too, these words most clear,  
 "Remember ten o'clock, my dear,  
 Remember, love, remember."

Now mam sat dozing by the fire,  
 And dad his pipe was smoking,  
 I dare not for the world retire,  
 And was not that provoking ?  
 At last the old folks fell asleep,  
 I hastened my promise now to keep ;  
 But he his absence to deplore,  
 Had on the window shutter wrote,  
 "Remember, love, remember."

But did I need the hint so sweet ?  
 No, no, for mark the warning,  
 Which meant that we at church should meet  
 At ten o'clock next morning :  
 And there we met, no more to part,  
 There joined together hand and heart ;  
 And since that day in wedlock join'd,  
 The window shutter brings to mind,  
 "Remember, love, remember."

### CORA LEE.

Years have flown since last I saw thee,  
 Standing at thy cottage door,  
 But thy smiles are ever near me,  
 Though I see thee never more;  
 See, the willow sways its tresses  
 O'er thy grave, dear Cora Lee,  
 And at eve the dew drop nestles  
 In the wild flowers over thee.

CHORUS: Pale the moonbeams fall at evening,  
 On the green turf over thee;  
 But thy gentle soul's in Heaven—  
 Farewell, lost one, Cora Lee.

Ringlets bright as golden sunbeams,  
 Floating o'er thy pale young brow;  
 And a form whose fancy fair dreams  
 Ne'er can bring us one like thou.  
 No pale marble gleams above thee,  
 Yet how dear that spot to me;  
 Memory whispers still I love thee,  
 Angel stolen, Cora Lee.

CHORUS: Pale the moonbeams, &c.

Now thy voice like music stealing,  
 Lingers round where last we met,  
 And I hear thee, while I'm sleeping,  
 Whisper, thou can'st ne'er forget.  
 See, the willow sways its tresses  
 O'er thy grave, dear Cora Lee,  
 And at eve the dew-drop nestles  
 In the wild flowers over thee.

CHORUS: Pale the moonbeams, &c.

**A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.**

A life on the ocean wave,  
 A home on the rolling deep,  
 Where the scattered writers rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep.  
 Like an eagle caged in pine,  
 On this dull unchanging shore,  
 Oh! give me the flashing brine,  
 The spray and the tempest's roar.  
 Once more on the deck I stand,  
 Of my own swift gliding craft;  
 Set sail, farewell to the land,  
 The gale follows far abaft.  
 We shot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean bird set free,  
 Like the ocean bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea.  
 The land is no longer in view;  
 The clouds have begun to frown,  
 But, with a stont vessel and crew,  
 We'll say let the storms come down;  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the wind and the waters rave,  
 A life on the heaving sea,  
 A home on the bounding wave.

**PADDY WHACK, OR THE BOULDER SOULGER.**

Och! I'm Paddy Whack, from Balle-na-hack,  
 Not long ago turned soulger,  
 And to storm the attack, the grand attack,  
 There's none than I'll be boulder  
 With spirit gay we marched away  
 To see each fair behoulder,  
 And the ladies all cry, it's me they spy,  
 "Oh! what a lovely soulger."  
 In Londonderry, in London merry,  
 We lived, dear girls, to charm ye,  
 And down ye'll come, when we rattle the drum,  
 To see us in the armye.

I! there's lots of girls me trade unfurls,  
 Who'd form a dacent party,  
 here's Peggy Lynch, a tidy wench,  
 And Sue and Ann McCarthy;  
 And Julia Braggs, and Martha Scraggs,  
 And Mollie Swaggs, all stormie,  
 And Mistress White, who's lost her sight,  
 She admires me in the armye.

In Londonderry, in London merry, &c.

And if I go on as I begun,  
 My comrades all inform me,  
 It's their belafe, commander-in-chief,  
 I soon will be in the armye.

In Londonderry, in London merry, &c.

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### LARRY O'BRIEN.

I've just returned from the ocean,  
 Where thunder and ball were in motion,  
 For fighting I've niver had a notion,  
 It would niver do for Larry O'Brien.  
 I've boxed along the shore, like a great many more,  
 I've knocked down the spalpeens by the half score;  
 But I niver thought it cliver, for the balls to knock the  
 liver

Out of Larry, Larry, young Larry.

Oh! the divil take the girl wouldn't have me,  
 wouldn't have me, wouldn't have me,  
 The divil take the girl wouldn't have me,  
 She'd niver do for Larry O'Brien.

There's a dirty little middy in the milk shop,  
 Faith! he ordered me up to the maintop,  
 And my head swam around like a whip-top,  
 'Twas no place for Larry O'Brien.

The sailors up above, they let down a rope,  
They tied it round my waist, and they hauled me  
And I kept a bawling and a squalling,  
But the devils they kept a hauling  
Of Larry, Larry, young Larry.  
Oh! the devil take, &c.

While this hullabuloo they all were a making,  
I lay in the hold shivering and shaking,  
Till I heard the French ship-of-war taking,  
Then out popped Larry Q'Brien.  
The first thing I saw was a man lying dead;  
Says I, "Sir, 'pon my soul, you had better been in bed!  
Than be delighting in such fighting,"  
Which I thought was no ways inviting  
To Larry, &c.

Now the Captain gave orders for a sailing,  
But the sides of our ship wanted nailing,  
All hands to the pumping and the bailing—  
There was work for Larry O'Brien.  
With their hammers and their blocks, and their mighty  
heavy knocks,  
She looked for all the world like the devil in the  
clocks,  
And with their oakum, the devil choke 'em,  
And they had for to poke 'em  
On to Larry, &c.

Now I'll bid adieu to the Captain and the sailors  
Likewise to the caulkers and the bailers,  
And I'll start right off for the tailors,  
For to rig out young Larry O'Brien.  
And then, blood an' ouns, when I'm free from all  
wounds,  
I'll marry some plump widdy, worth twenty thousand  
pounds:  
I'll adore her, and get down on my knees before  
And implore her for to marry  
Young Larry, &c.

## PETER GRAY.

A TOUCHING DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.

I'll tell you of a nice young man,  
 Whose name was Peter Gray,  
 And the town that he was born in  
 Was Penn-syl-va-ni-a.

**CHORUS:** Blow ye winds of morning, blow ye winds, I oh!  
 (Louder.) Oh, blow ye winds of morning, oh blow ye  
 winds, I oh!

Once more, softly.) Blow, &c.

This Peter Gray did fall in love,  
 All with a nice young girl,  
 The first two letters of her name  
 Was Lee-egge-i-anna Quiri.

CHORUS.

Just as they were gwine to wed,  
 Her father did say no!  
 And quin-ci-contly she was sent  
 Beyond the O hi-oh!

CHORUS.

When Peter heard his love was lost,  
 He knew not what to say;  
 He'd half a mind to jump into  
 The Sus-que-han-i-a!

CHORUS.

But he went traveling to the west,  
 For furs and other things.  
 And there was killed by a thomas-hawk,  
 In the hands of the In-gi-ins!

CHORUS.

When Loo-egge-i-an-na heard the news,  
 She straightway went to bed,  
 And never did get up again,  
 Until she di-i-ed.

CHORUS.

Ye fathers all a warning take,  
 Each one as has a girl,  
 And think upon poor Peter Gray,  
 And Loo-egge-i-an-na Quirl!

CHORUS.

## I'LL TELL NOBODY.

Oh! I am in love, but I won't tell with who,  
 For I know very well what the fair ones would do,  
 They'd chatter, and flatter, and make themselves fine,  
 So poor little some one would have a sad time  
 So I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody, nobody, nobody,  
 nobody, no.

I'll tell it to one, she will tell it to two;  
 At the next cup of tea they would plot what to do;  
 And as man no constancy have in their own mind,  
 He'd seek a new face, and leave some one behind.  
 So I'll tell nobody, &c.

But this much I'll tell you, he is not over tall,  
 And lest you should guess him, he's not very small;  
 I met him last night, and he pulled off my glove,  
 So I think you may guess who is somebody's love.  
 But I'll tell nobody, &c.

But when I am sure that his heart's all my own,  
 That he loves sincerely, and never will roam,  
 Oh! then I'll defy all their jeers and their taunts—  
 For plainly 'twill show what 'tis each of them wants:  
 They all want somebody—are dying for some pay,  
 somebody, somebody, I know who.

## HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

*Air—SOLDIER'S JOY.*

A highland lad my love was born,  
The lowland laws he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
**My gallant braw, John Highland man.**  
Sing hey! my braw, John Highland man,  
Sing ho! my braw, John Highland man,  
There's not a lad in a' the clan,  
Can match with my braw Highland man.

With his bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
**My gallant braw, John Highland man.**  
Sing hey! my braw, John Highland man,  
Sing ho! my braw, John Highland man;  
There's not a lad in a' the clan,  
Can match with my braw Highland man.

---

## TRUST TO LUCK.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,  
Shure your heart will be aisy if it's in the right place;  
Let the world wag away, let your friends turn foes,  
When your pockets are dry, and threadbare your  
clothes;  
Should woman deceive you when you trusted her heart,  
Ne'er sigh will relieve you, but add to the smart;  
Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face.  
Shure the heart will be aisy if it's in the right place.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and you'll never forget,  
Bright morning will follow the darkest night yet;  
Let the wealthy look grand, and the proud pass you by  
With the back of their fist and disdain in their eye,  
Snap your fingers and smile, let them pass on their way,  
And remember the while every dog has his day.  
Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,  
Shure the heart will be aisy if it's in the right place.



**MAGGIE BY MY SIDE.**

The land of my home is flitting, flitting from my  
 A gale in the sail is sitting, toils the merry crew  
 Here let my home be on the waters wide,  
 I roam with a proud heart—Maggie's by my side

CHORUS:—My own loved Maggie, dear,  
           Sitting by my side,  
           Maggie dear, my own love,  
           Sitting by my side.

The wind howling o'er the billow from the distant  
 The storm raging round my pillow brings no care  
 Roll on, ye dark waves, o'er the troubled tide,  
 I heed not your anger—Maggie's by my side.  
           My own loved Maggie, dear, &c.

Storms can appal me never while her brow is clear  
 Fair weather lingers ever where her smiles appear  
 When sorrow's breakers round my heart shall h  
 Still may I find her sitting by my side.  
           My own loved Maggie, dear, &c.

---

**THE YOUNG RECRUIT.**

See! there's ribbons gaily streaming,  
       I'm a soldier now, Lizette;  
 Yes, of battles I am dreaming,  
       And the honor I shall get.  
 With a sabre by my side,  
       And a helmet on my brow,  
 And a proud steed to ride,  
       I shall rush on the foe.  
 Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,  
       'Tis a life that will suit  
 The gay life of a young recruit.

We will march away to-morrow,  
       At the breaking of the day,  
 And the trumpets will be sounding,  
       And the merry cymbals play;

Yet before I say good bye,  
 And a last sad parting take,  
 As a proof of your love,  
 Wear this gift for my sake.  
 Then cheer up, my own Lizette,  
 Let not your grief your beauty stain,  
 Soon you'll see the young recruit again.

---

### THE DRINKING SONG.

[FROM LUCRETIA BORGIA.]

'Tis better to laugh than be sighing,  
 When we think how life's moments are flying,  
 For each sorrow fate ever is bringing,  
 There is a pleasure in store for us springing,  
 Tho' our joys, like waves in the sunshine,  
 Gleam awhile, then be lost to sight;  
 Yet for each sparkling ray,  
 That so passes away,  
 Comes another so brilliant and light.  
 Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing,  
 They are wise who resolve to be gay;  
 When we think how life's moments are flying;  
 Oh! enjoy pleasure's gifts while we may.

In the world we some beings discover,  
 Far too frigid for friends, or for lovers;  
 Souls unblest, and forever repining,  
 Tho' good fortune around them be shining.  
 'T were well if such hearts we could banish  
 To some planet far distant from ours;  
 They are the dark spots we trace  
 On this earth's favored space—  
 They are weeds that choke up the fair flowers.  
 Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing, &c.

---

### WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh! Willie, is it you, dear,  
 Safe, safe at home;  
 They did not tell me true, dear,  
 They said you would not come.

## STONEWALL SONG BOOK.

I heard you at the gate,  
And it made my heart rejoice,  
For I knew that welcome footstep,  
And that dear familiar voice,  
Making music in my ear  
In the lonely midnight gloom—  
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

We've longed to see you nightly,  
But this night of all;  
The fire was blazing brightly,  
And lights were in the hall;  
The little ones were up,  
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,  
Then their eyes began to twinkle,  
And they've gone to sleep at last;  
But they listened for your voice  
Till they thought you'd never come—  
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

The days were sad without you,  
The nights long and drear,  
My dreams have been about you,  
Oh! welcome Willie, dear!  
Last night I wept and watched  
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,  
Till I thought I heard your footstep,  
Then I wiped my tears away;  
But my heart grew sad again,  
When I found you had not come—  
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

---

## FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers that I saw in the wildwood  
Have since drooped their beautiful leaves,  
And the many dear friends of my childhood  
Have slumbered for years in their graves.

## STONEWALL SONG BOOK.

the bloom of the flowers I remember,  
at the faces I never more shall see,  
the cold chilly winds of December  
Stole my flowers, my companions from me.  
The roses may bloom on the morrow,  
And many a friend have I won;  
Yet my heart will bow down with its sorrow,  
When I think how the loved ones are gone.  
Tis no wonder that I'm broken hearted,  
And stricken with sorrow should be,  
We have met, we have loved, we have parted,  
My flowers, my companions and me.  
How dark looks this world, and how dreary,  
When we think of the ones that we love,  
Yet there's rest for the faint and the weary,  
When friends meet with lost ones above.  
Yet in heaven I can but remember;  
When from earth my proud soul shall be free;  
Then no cold chilly winds of December  
Can part my companions and me,

---

## THE ORIGINAL DIXIE.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Old times dar am ne-er forgotten.  
Look away—look away—look away—Dixie Land.  
In Dixie Land whar I was born in.  
Early on one frosty mornin',  
Look away—look away—look away—Dixie Land.  
Den I wish I was in Dixie,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll took my stand,  
To lib and die in Dixie.  
Away, away, away, down South in Dixie.  
Old missus marry "Will d-weaber,"  
William was a gay deccaber.  
Look away, &c.

But when he put he put his arm around 'er,  
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.  
Look away, &c.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.  
His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver  
But dat did not seem to greab 'er.  
Look away, &c.

Old missus acted de foolish part,  
And died for a man dat broke her heart.  
Look away, &c.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.  
Now here's a health to the next old Missus.  
And all the galls that want to kiss us.  
Look away, &c.

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song to-morrow.  
Look away, &c.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.  
Dar's buckwheat cakes and ingen batter,  
Makes you fat, or a little fatter.  
Look away, &c.  
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's Land I'm bound trabble.

Look away, &c.  
Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

---

### THINKING OF THEE.

I miss thee each lone hour,  
Star of my heart,  
No other voice has power joy to impart,  
I listen for thy step,  
Thy kind sweet tone,  
But silence whispers me,  
Thou art alone.  
I listen for thy step,  
Thy kind sweet tone,  
But silence whispers me,  
Thou art alone.

Darkness is on the hearth,  
Nought do I say;  
Books are but little worth—  
Thou art away;  
Voices, the true and kind,  
Strange are to me;  
I have lost heart and mind  
Thinking of thee.  
Voices, the true and kind,  
Strange are to me;  
I have lost heart and mind,  
Thinking of thee.

---

### HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met,  
And we may not meet again;  
I have struggled to forget,  
But the struggle was in vain,  
For her voice lives on the breeze,  
And her spirit comes at will.  
In the midnight on the seas;  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

'Tis first sweet dawn of light,  
When I gaze on the deep,  
Her form still meets my sight,  
While the stars their vigils keep;  
When I close mine aching eyes,  
Sweet dreams my senses fill,  
And when from sleep I rise,  
Her bright smile haunts me still!

I have sail'd through alien skies,  
I have trod the desert path,  
I have seen the storm arise  
Like a giant in his wrath;  
Every danger I have known,  
That a reckless life can fill,  
Yet her presence is not flown,  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

## LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 Let me kiss his dear youthful brow ;  
 I will love him for his mother,  
 And seek her blessing now.  
 Kind friends have sooth'd his pillow,  
 Have watched his every care,  
 Beneath the weeping willow,  
 Oh ! lay him gently there.  
 CHORUS :—Sleep, dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother ;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kissed you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 What though left a lone stranger here,  
 She has loved him as none other,  
 I feel her blessing near.  
 Though cold that form lies sleeping,  
 Sweet angels watch around  
 Dear friends are near thee weeping,  
 Oh ! lay him gently down, <sup>h. ch.</sup>  
 Sleep dearest, <sup>t. q.</sup> and &c.  
 Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 Or perchance a found sister dear,  
 If a father or a brother,  
 I know their blessing's here.  
 Then kiss him for his mother,  
 I will soothe her after years,  
 Farewell, dear stranger, brother,  
 Our requiem, our tears.  
 Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

---

## I'M DREAMING.

I'm dreaming, oh ! I'm dreaming,  
 Where the glassy waters glide ;  
 dreaming, oh ! I'm dreaming,  
 at there is no one by my side,

I hear the leaves that quiver,  
 In the winds that wander by  
 The low voice of the river,  
 And my own heart's heavy sigh.  
 Oh! how sad, alas! and lonely,  
 Every scene appears to be,  
 I can remember only  
 Thou art far away from me.

I miss thy dark eyes gleaming,  
 And thy voice's gentle tone,  
 I'm dreaming, oh! I'm dreaming,  
 But I'm dreaming all alone:  
 And when my restless spirit  
 Breathes the low despairing sigh,  
 There is no one near to hear it,  
 No kind heart to reply.  
 Oh! how sad, alas! and lonely,  
 Every scene appears to be,  
 I can remember only  
 Thou art far away from me.

I miss thee on the hill side  
 When the evening star looks bright;  
 I miss thee on the hill side  
 Beneath the slopes of night:  
 But mostly in the chamber,  
 Where thy sound of music sweet,  
 And the love I well remember  
 Oft beguiled me to thy feet.  
 Oh! how sad, alas! and lonely,  
 Each long hour now seems to me,  
 Yet were I with thee only,  
 Oh! how happy I should be.

---

### WERT THOU BUT MINE.

Wert thou but mine, when morning lights the sea,  
 And over lake and hill, her glories shine;  
 My spirit waking, fondly flies to thee—  
 My earliest wish is, ah! wert thou but mine!  
 Wert thou but mine



Wert thou mine, 'at midnight's hallowed hour,  
When all earth's weary ones from toil recline  
When guardian angels, o'er thy pillow soar,  
In dreams, I murmur, ah! Wert thou but mine!

Life may go roughly with me, foes may hate,  
 Friends change, health fade, long cherished hopes  
 decline,  
 Yet I could smile on all the shafts of fate,  
 Wert thou but mine, beloved, wert thou but mine  
 Wert thou but mine.

Wert thou but mine, whatever fate befall,  
Howe'er in coming life my lot incline,  
Thy love to light my path would brighten all,  
Wert thou but mine, beloved, wert thou but mine  
Wert thou but mine, Wert thou but mine



ALLIE W FINE.

'Twas in the early summer ti  
 When earth seems all aglow  
 When sunbeams smite the liv'ly long day,  
 And soft South breezes blow  
 The flowers that slept through winter's gloom  
 Now rose as from the dead,  
 The warm sun kissed the dark cold earth,  
 Which blush'd in roses red ;  
 The flowers that slept through winter's gloom, &c

Tw'as in this Summer, long ago, I met sweet Allie  
Wayne,  
The glimpse of heaven she gave to me, I ne'er shall  
see again;  
The flowers beguiled by young March winds, that  
Op'd their buds too soon  
came to me with summer sweets, and died out  
with the June,  
came to me with Summer sweets, &c.



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